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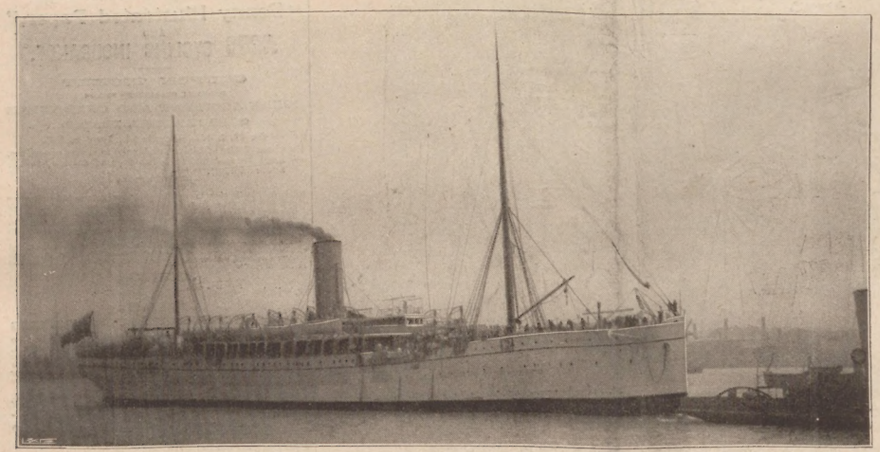

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THE TROOP-SHIP "SIMLA" LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON WITH THE GRENADIER GUARDS FOR "GIB."

See "How the World Wags."

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Edison and Swan's Illustrated Souvenir of the Imperial Victorian Exhibition at the Crystal Palace contains a succinct history of the introduction of electric light into this country, with which the Edison and Swan Company is identified, as founders of the first central station here, and as the only makers of incandescent lamps during the duration of the Edison and Swan's patents. It is published by the Edison and Swan United Electric Light Company, Limited, 55, Parliament Street, S.W.

To Correspondents.

ALL Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to "The EDITOR of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER," and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, HENRY JAMES TAYLOR, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London.

Talk of London.

—:o:—

THE NEW ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

ONE strong qualification Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley has for the post of Commander-in-Chief is his unquestionable ability in choosing good men to assist him. He has throughout his military career evinced sound judgment in this direction. Though it must have been exceedingly difficult to find a successor to General Sir Redvers Buller with as firm a grip of Army organisation as that sledge-hammer son of Devon has, the right man in the right place is forthcoming in another staunch friend and comrade-in-arms of Lord Wolseley, General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., of which dashing and dapper master of the art of war an equestrian portrait is given by the side of his chief. Sir Evelyn has this month begun his responsible duties as Adjutant-General. The briefest enumeration of his distinguished services will show how well fitted he is to discharge his present duties. Son of the late Rev. Sir John Page Wood, he was educated at Marlborough College, and at the Staff College; and served first in the Navy, fighting with characteristic bravery when little more than a lad with the Naval Brigade in the Crimea. Joining the 13th Light Dragoons in '55, he saw fighting subsequently in India, Ashanti (with Sir Garnet Wolseley), in the Zulu, Kaffir, and Transvaal Wars, and in Egypt and on the Nile. He has, furthermore, commanded the Chatham and Eastern Districts, and had the Aldershot command from '89 to '93. One of the most genial and unassuming of men; he is beloved by the Army, and cannot fail to acquit himself right well as Adjutant-General at the War Office.

Lord Wolseley. Sir E. Wood. Lord Methuen. Sir Redvers Buller.

Photo by Gregory, 51, Strand.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY, WITH THE NEW AND THE RETIRING ADJUTANT-GENERAL AND LORD METHUEN, AT A REVIEW.

Henri Murger's "Vie de Bohème."

The production of a new opera, the libretto founded on Henri Murger's famous Quartier Latin novel, has attracted attention to the author, and to the extraordinary life he led about sixty years ago in Paris. The story was really a transcript of his own Bohemian life, and in 1848 the chief incidents of "La Vie de Bohème" were used as the materials for a play, which had great success, and was revived at the Odéon in 1865. Henri Murger was of German extraction. One of his childish playmates was Pauline Garcia, afterwards the famous prima donna Malibran. Murger died in 1861, his last words being, "*Pas de musique, pas de bruit, pas de Bohème!*" On the very day of his death, his volume of poems, called "Ballades et Fantaisies," was published, and had great success. The personages he introduced in his novel were all real. Mimi was his first love. Schaunard was a German named Schaune, who after painting for years, turned toy-merchant; Musette, the grisette of the Quartier Latin, opened a shop for the sale of baby-linen. It is generally believed that the late Mr. Du Maurier had "La Vie de Bohème" in his mind when he wrote "Trilby," but he toned down the incidents so as to make them acceptable (with one gross exception) to English readers. Signor G. Puccini's melodious

Opera of "The Bohemians,"

produced successfully at Covent Garden last Saturday by the Carl Rosa Company, of course deals only with the principal incidents of Murger's story; but the talented Italian composer (a comrade of Mascagni) has happily caught the touch-and-go spirit of the libretto. The work was first heard at Turin in February last; and the English version was produced at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, on the 22nd of last April. It will be easy to curtail the somewhat tedious quartet of men's colloquy in the opening garret scene, and to come more quickly to the sympathetic love-making scene between the fair young florist Mimi and the gallant Rudolph, which really starts the series of amours of which the original "Vie de Bohème" is made up. This sentimental scene, enriched by the composer with some of his best music for the tenor and soprano hero and heroine, was followed

SCENE FROM PUCCINI'S "BOHEMIANS," WHICH STARTED THE CARL ROSA OPERA SEASON WELL AT COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE.

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MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S SUCCESSFUL NEW COMEDY, PRODUCED BY MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM AT THE CRITERION: A LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE STORY UP-TO-DATE.

by a very animated realisation of a Paris street with a fair and feasting going on at Yuletide, and by the picturesque introduction of the gay, frail, fickle Musette. In striking contrast came the snow scene, in which Rudolph and Mimi are reconciled, and the garret scene in which she expires, like a humble Traviata. Why immorality should inspire operas as a rule is a problem I cannot solve. Surely a wholesome, clean plot would be a welcome change on the lyric stage. Anyhow, the Carl Rosa Company rendered Puccini's graceful opera very well indeed, the chief honours being carried off by Miss Alice Esty as the silver-voiced Mimi; by the mellow tenor, Mr. Salvi; and by Miss Bessie Macdonald as the sparkling brunette Musette. The strong band (conducted well on the first night by Mr. Claude Jacquinot), the well-chosen principals, well-drilled chorus, and cheap prices and good pit, with a succession of the most popular operas, should make the Carl Rosa season at Covent Garden a success. That the Stage-Manager and Company have no idle time may be imagined when it is stated that the programme for the present week was "Tannhauser," "Faust," repetition of "The Bohemians" "Carmen," "Romeo and Juliet," with "Faust" for the Saturday matinée, and "Lohengrin" for to-night!

Lady Harris

on Saturday night was to be seen, in mourning, of course, in a corner of the Royal box at Covent Garden, with her young daughter. This was Lady Harris's first appearance since the lamented death of Sir Augustus Harris, and her friends noticed with pleasure that the sea breezes and rest and seclusion of Broadstairs seemed to have done her Ladyship and her bright little girl much good.

"The Children of the King,"

with music by Humperdinck, composer of "Hänsel and Gretel," will be shortly produced by Mr. Chudleigh at the Court Theatre. My readers who intend to visit the Court will find it looking very smart; and some changes in the auditorium have been made to add to their comfort.

Miss Ada Rehan,

one of the world's leading comédiennes, should draw lovers of the most natural acting to Islington to see her as Rosalind, or in "Twelfth Night," or "The Taming of the Shrew," in each of which she is simply perfect.

The Grocers' Exhibition

is also worth visiting whilst you are in Islington. My recipe for an interesting half-holiday in Merrie Islington is—Inspection of the Grocers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall; dinner under the same roof; with an evening at the Grand Theatre in the charming society of Ada Rehan, or in the jovial company of the Mohawks—the best minstrel company in London.

"The Liars," at the Criterion.

Under the spell of Mr. Charles Wyndham's personal magnetism and excellent stage direction, each comedy produced under his supervision at the Criterion almost commands success at the outset. In his new piece, Mr. H. A. Jones harps on the same string he played on in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," but with differences in the old, old air. It is again pretty Mary Moore who exercises her fascination. She is a Lady Jessica Nepean. It is Edward Falkner (Mr. T. B. Thalberg), a great traveller and explorer, who falls a victim to her charms on his return home. Mr. Wyndham has in the part of Colonel Sir Christopher Deering one of those polished men of the world, the pink of chivalry and honour, which our leading light comedian and most experienced manager performs with delightful ease and bonhomie. It is in vain he urges his enamoured friend to go abroad again. Falkner and Lady Jessica will hover, like moths, above the gaslight of peril. And the perversions of truth come in the endeavours to explain satisfactorily the presence of Lady Jessica at the Star and Garter, Richmond, to which she had been invited to dine with her illicit lover at a sumptuous banquet. How the blunt, outspokenness of the impassioned Falkner brings "The Liars" to confusion, and how the good-natured Sir Christopher labours to throw oil on the troubled waters, need not be particularised. It is a comedy you must see—a comedy of a faithless wife and hoodwinked husband, with the inevitable lovers, such as appears to be welcomed ever with avidity by Society playgoers. Written by Mr. Jones in his best style, and abounding in clever characterisation, the piece is wonderfully well acted by Mr. Wyndham himself as the Colonel, Miss Mary Moore as Lady Jessica, Miss Cynthia Brooke as Beatrice Ebernoe, Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Lady Rosamund Tatton, Miss Janette Steer as Mrs. Crespin, Mr. Alfred Bishop as Archibald Coke, Miss Sarah Brooke as Dolly, Mr. Thalberg as Falkner, Mr. Herbert Standing as Gilbert Nepean (Lady Jessica's husband), and Mr. A. Vane Tempest as Freddie Tatton. Finally, Mr. Wyndham has mounted "The Liars" most tastefully and beautifully; and the ladies will be sure to be pleased with the charming new toilettes worn.

The Royalty.

Mr. H. J. Leslie hoped to revive the fortunes of this house with "Oh, Susannah!" originally produced on Sept. 6 at the Eden Theatre, Brighton. It is a farcical comedy, the scene being at a Pimlico lodging-house, where a solicitor, having ascertained that one of the lodgers, a young doctor, has been left a little fortune, seeks to secure the doctor and his money for one of his daughters. But the medico, during a holiday at Lowestoft, has married, and further complications are made by the solicitor's daughters, meeting old lovers at the boarding-house. Meanwhile, the aunt of the doctor comes to Pimlico, and the doctor is afraid of her hearing of his secret marriage. An attempt is made to personate the old lady before her arrival; but the ruse does not succeed. Eventually, after an almost unlimited amount of farcical fun, all ends happily; and the doctor, instead of getting into difficulties with his aunt, finds her very forgiving. An efficient cast included Miss Annie Hughes, Mr. Charles Glenney, merry Miss Clara Jecks, and Miss Louie Freear, so that ample justice was done to the mirthful situations. Miss Annie Hughes was also seen in Mrs. Beringer's "Bit of Old Chelsea," which was the opening item.

The Avenue,

reopened under Mr. Fitzroy Gardner's management, has a couple of gracefully written one-act costume plays of a romantic nature in "The Baron's Wager" and "My Lady's Orchard," fairly well acted. But the chief attraction is to be found in the diverting musical extravaganza, in which Miss Lottie Venne, as a yacht-wrecked mother-in-law, falls in love with an amorous fish (briskly impersonated by Mr. Frank Wyatt) at the bottom of the English Channel. Of this submarine musical fantasy of "The Mermaids," by Mr. Guyer Mackay, amused me very much, particularly when the blithesome yachting party, including the rollicking Lottie, enliven the scene, and make love to and are made love to by the frolicsome mermaids or mermen. Alluring are the comely mermaids, with Miss Ruth Davenport as Queen. And lissom Miss Topsy Sinden eclipses herself in the grace of her dances as the fair Marina.

"News of the Week,"

a new weekly newspaper, price a halfpenny, appears on Saturday, under the editorship of Mr. Charles Grinling and the energetic management of Mr. Stanley Elliott, who has had valuable experience in the newspaper world on both sides the Atlantic. I hear *News of the Week* will be a *live* paper, up-to-date, full of variety, strong in sporting news, resembling the *Stage* in appearance. A very handy size! Success to the plucky Newcomer! THE PROMPTER.

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How Snaffles Stuck to It.

BY R. J. TURNER.

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OF all the patients coming under the tender care of Nurse Doris at the Newmarket Cottage Hospital, perhaps Snaffles claimed her warmest sympathy, and some men in the neighbourhood would have undergone a good deal to enlist that. But this is by the way.

At the time, and under such circumstances, no one could understand how it was that an experienced man like Snaffles had come by such a nasty fall. It was so unexpected and so complete. For days afterwards Snaffles was a regular study in anatomy to the visiting surgeon. It seemed easier to find out what bones were not fractured or dislocated than to allocate the injured members. "Reg'lar smash-up," as Snaffles himself feebly expressed it ten days after his admittance, seemed to convey to the unprofessional mind as nearly as possible the extent of his dreadful injuries. It was almost as many weeks afterwards before he was able to take Nurse Doris into his confidence, and so clear up matters.

It was a dastardly business, and the natural bloom of his fair listener's cheek was enriched by the full tide of indignation she felt at its recital. But Snaffles had better tell it in his own way—

"Ye see, Miss," he began, "I bin' ridin' for Lord Hollybush nigh upon five year, an', as though I says it as shouldn't, he cum to prefer to put me up, w'en there was anythink special-like on, against eny of the other jocks he retained. He was a liberal-minded man, was 'is Lordship, and though he did lose the fancy of the turf a bit w'en he stooped to meddlin' with politics, still 'e was a genril fav'rite, an' as nice a man as ye'd ever want to serve, allers supposin' you kep' on the straight.

"Well, me bein' brought up on the square, an' well paid on the back o' that, didn't have no sort of trouble about doin' the c'rect card by his Lordship. Not, mind ye, as there wasn't plenty to try it on. Lor, bless ye, Miss, ye wouldn't b'leeve if I was to mention the big pots as ha' tried to square me over a race. But as a genril thing, w'en they saw as I wasn't on for any of their little games they didn't keep on botherin', but just dropt it.

"But there was one cove as wouldn't take 'no' for an answer first time. Joe Slusher 'is name was, an' a very shady card he was. A demon on the pig-skin, mind ye; an' with a good hoss under 'im he was very seldom on the wrong side of the post, but up to any sort o' dodgery for money. He had ridden a good deal of late for Sir Aubrey Affaker, a gent as was supposed to know a thing or two, an' w'en he wanted a thing done—well, if it wasn't to be done one way he 'd find another; but if it was anythink jist a little risky, then it wouldn't be Sir Aubrey's name as would come out. Joe was a very 'andy man for that sort of employer.

"The Cesarewitch was a-comin' on, and Lord Hollybush had entered Montana for this handicap, on which you can always get a twenty-thousand book without much trouble. She was a nice filly, and a rod in pickle which was sure to bring off a good cop" (coup) "at some time. Well, I 'ad ridden the hoss afore and knew what she could do, and as I was to wear his Lordship's colours again, I felt it 'ud have to be something very spicy that 'ud get in afore Montana. So Joe Slusher seemed to think, too. He was to ride a four-'ear-old that he fancied—very fast, but not enough stay for a course like the Cesarewitch. So I wasn't afeard of 'im.

"One mornin', after a early spin, this Joe Slusher comes up mysterious-like to me and ses, ses he—

"'Snaffles, ole man, Gaybird's' (his 'oss) 'got to haul in the stakes this journey.'

"'Is she?' ses I, indifferent-like. 'Then ye'll have to do it in twice if I'm spared to mount Montana.'"

"'Garn! you know what I means, Snaffles,' he replies with a snaky smile; ''atween pals ye don't want to say much.' An' 'ere he imitates with his 'and a pull on the curb.

"'To begin with,' I ses, sarcastic-like, 'I don't haspire to be a pal o' yourn, nor, for the matter o' that,' I ses, 'of eny man wot's scamp enough to "pull" a hoss.'

"Ye see wot Joe was up to, Miss. He wanted me to hold back Montana an' let his gee pass the post fust. The other hosses he wasn't afeared on, an' I knew he would 'drive' his animal for all she was wuth. He goes on quite calm: ses he—

"'It'll be a cool thousand down for you, Snaffles.'

"'No, it won't,' I ses, gettin' a bit savage, 'I'm not one o' that sort, Joe Slusher, an' you ought to know it by this time, an' if you don't take yourself off there'll be somethin' else down instead of the cool thousan'.'

"'Now, don't be a fool, Snaffles,' he commences.

"'Oh, you will 'ave it then.' I slips in an' lets 'im 'ave my left jest under his chin. I heard his mouth shut like a steel trap, an' he dropt like a log.

"'P'raps you 'll b'leeve me now,' I ses, 'or shall I make it two thousan'?' an' I made to bring in my right w'en he should get on his feet.

"But Joe had 'ad enough, and went off, sheddin' curses an' teeth. Thinks I, 'Tain't likely as Joe Slusher 'll try to persuade Snaffles to go on the cross a second time'; but knowin' the kind o' man I 'ad to deal with I kep' a sharp look-out, an' warned Jim Dunkley, the head man, to take no risks with the mare, and to see as she was well watched.

"I guessed, if Joe wanted his revenge, it 'ud be the hoss he 'd go for, not me, unless he got an easy chance some dark night. Well, the time went on, an' Montana didn't seem to ha' bin got at nohow. She was as fit as a fiddle, an' I felt uncommon proud of her as they stripped her in the birdcage on the great day.

"Joe was there, with his mouth shut rather closer 'n usual, an' to an outsider his gee looked as if she might give the best horse there some trouble; but, bless ye, I knew so long 's I stuck on, Montana was safe to win, an' the public thought so, too; you could get a thousand to eighty on her easy.

"Lord Hollybush was there, lookin' mighty cheerful now that he 'd got shut o' the Cabinet business; and there was H.R.H., as affable as a booky with a safe thing on. As the event was gettin' due, I goes into the weighing-room and hangs up my overcoat, and toddles up to be weighed out. After a short chat with one or two of the men, and an encouragin' word from 'is Lordship, I makes ready to mount. Now, Miss, I've allers made it a rule jest before startin' to have a mouthful of a certain mixture out of a leetle, a very leetle flask—we won't say wot it is—just to keep up my heart and give me fire for a hard finish: ye see I had to waste hard to ride Montana at the weight.

"So I slips into the tent, puts my 'and in my coat pocket, whips out the flask and takes a couple o' swallows. Not, mind ye, that I takes it reg'lar: no fear, Miss. More's the pity, its done a deal o' harm to us jocks; but jest as a stimulant before a race I find it keeps me up to the mark. As I put back the pistol, I fancied the flavour was a little bit strange, but thought nothin' of it in the hurry.

"A new blend, I s'pose,' an' I rushes off as the bell rang. I made my way to the post, one of a dozen, and we managed to get away first time. I 'adn't gone a 'undred yards, keepin' Montana well in hand, w'en I begins to feel a strange sickenin' sort of feelin' in my inside. 'Rummy go this,' I ses to myself. 'Wot 's the meanin' of it? Ain't had nothin' out of the way this last fortnight,' and I couldn't make it out.

"Another five hundred yards and an 'orrible burnin' sensation came on, an' I thought I should go mad with the pain. The sweat began to pour down my face and nearly blinded me. To relieve the awful pain I commenced to yell at Montana, who didn't seem to understand it, but kept on like a good 'un. Half of the course had been covered, an' I should have bin makin' ready with a clear head an' a steady hand for the run home, an' here I was nearly doubled up with pain, my legs gradually gettin' rigid, and my eyes startin' out o' their sockets. Thinks I: 'There 's some devilment afoot here, Snaffles, my lad. Somebody we knows don't want Montana to win, an' instead of tacklin' the hoss, they 've gone for me—the cowardly skunks! They 've doctored my drink—that 's about the size of it. Blast 'em!' (Beg pardon, Miss, but the provocation was 'ard. I was in need of a Sunday word), I said, 'they 'll find Snaffles ain't so easy knocked over, an' I 'll come in fust or die.'

"So I set my teeth an' made for a prominent place, when out of the tail of my eye I caught sight of Slusher makin' a spurt to come up with me. We had jes' got to the ditch gap. The sight of 'im seemed to do me good; as we neared the bushes I gave Montana her 'ed (I 'd been saving her for this) an' she jest seemed to know it, and fairly flew.

"I 've often wondered since how I stuck on. The drug was still doin' its deadly work, and it was only a question of seconds, I felt, before I should become unconscious. I heard the roar of the crowd as we entered the Abingdon mile bottom, an' it seemed like thunder; I heard, it might be, a million hoofs clumping along; I could see nothin'. I let Montana do it all. Then a bigger crash of thunder, and somehow I seemed to know as we was fust. Then I felt my knees give way, an' it 'peared to me I fell off into a feather bed and knowed no more. But it wasn't a feather bed, was it Miss?" and here Snaffles glanced at his numerous bandages. "However, that didn't matter. Montana won the Cesarewitch, and if I live I 'opes to get even with a certain Joe Slusher; that is, if he's still about.

"Of course, Miss, he slipped a powder into my flask while I was bein' weighed, thinkin' it 'ud be sure to bring me a cropper. Well, it did, but just a trifle too late for Joe."

THE END.

CADBURY'S is a perfectly PURE COCOA, without alkali added, like many so-called "pure" cocoas. It has a world-wide reputation as a delicious, strengthening beverage and a valuable nutritive food. Cocoa must be pure and unadulterated to ensure the fullest beneficial effects. CADBURY'S is absolutely pure, therefore the best Cocoa. The *Lancet* says: "CADBURY'S represents the standard of highest purity at present attainable."—[ADVT.]

THE MOST DIGESTIBLE infants' and invalids' food. The most delicate stomach can take it. Builds up body, brain, and muscle. HORLICK'S MALTED MILK is absolutely pure. Requires no cooking or added milk. Of all Chemists. Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. Free sample sent, on application, by HORLICK & Co., 34, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

Rosalind's London Letter.

WE are in earnest now about our Autumn and Winter garments, and tweeds and homespuns are in demand. In the initial a new conceit in neckties is shown, consisting of a new cravat of blue and white plaid washing silk. The cravats are made in self colours also, but the plaids with white grounds with black and all-coloured plaids are the smartest and most correct looking. Some sailor hats are still worn, but the high-gear puffed bows predominate in ladies' hats.

* * * *

In This Illustration We have a Tucked Blouse-Bodice of ruby Irish poplin, fastened on the left side under a goffered chiffon frill, the collar being of the same, and waist finished by a silver filigree belt. The sleeves are tucked, it will be seen, at the top and also at the wrist, with chiffon frills inside.

BLOUSE-BODICE IN IRISH POPLIN.

* * *

Plaids are asserting themselves a good deal—perhaps the only pronounced or assertive introduction we have this season; but where the garments in general are very plain, they are far from offensive as facings, linings to coats and capes or skirts, as these latter are being lined (half-way up, at least) most resplendently for showing when held up, and harmonising with the dainty silk petticoats beneath.

* * *

A Plaid Gown in Shades of Green is the subject of our last drawing. It is made with quite plain skirt, lined with green satin, and a Moujik, or

A SMART PLAID COSTUME.

Russian blouse-bodice, which is *the* bodice of the hour. The revers, cuffs, waistband, and button are of dark-green velvet. A jabot of cream mousseline-de-soie, and a green velvet-bound Toreador hat with green feathers, chiffon, and pale-pink poppies, complete this smart toilette.

"Is it any fun getting a man to teach you how to ride a bicycle?"

"Fun! Why, I've been taught three times."

Modern Martyrs.

TO the block and to the stake,
To the torture for Truth's sake,
Went the ancient martyr.
While unmoved the mighty stood
To behold the great and good
Life for honour barter.

Cursed the bigots in the crowd,
Mocked the humble and the proud,
Priest and peer and peasant.
But, by faith, the martyr's eyes
Saw the golden future rise
O'er the darksome present.

Heeding not the bigot's fire,
Heeding not the worldling's ire.
Grief and anguish braving;
That the Master's Name might live
In the faith He came to give,
Sure and strong and saving.

That some other weary soul,
Striving for the self-same goal,
Through the mists of sorrow,
Thinking o'er his toilsome way,
Might, through clouds of dark to-day,
Trace the shining morrow.

Ay, e'en in those ages dark,
When Truth smouldered, scarce a spark,
On the road of Duty,
Like a fair white Cross of Hope
Reared above a graveyard slope
Rose some life of beauty.

Preaching, as they preach to-day,
While they press through honour's way,
Faith and hope victorious.
Proving unto us that care
Weaves the robes that angels wear,
Builds a "mansion glorious."

Steadfastly unto the stake
Of grim want, for honour's sake,
Go the modern martyrs;
While the great world on its way,
Half in earnest, half in play,
Soul for body barters.

Heeding not the worldling's jeer,
Nor the joys the world holds dear,
Lo'es and pain defying,
That the world may know that still,
Shining on through good and ill,
Burns Faith's flame undying.

They are martyrs to their creed
Who to loneliness and need
Turn from sinful pleasures.
Truth's great martyrs they that stand
Firm when dark Temptation's hand
Points towards its treasures.

Women fainting o'er their toil,
That the soul may bear no soil,
Youth and strength a-giving.
Say not that the dead past, then,
Holds the greatest spirits when
Such as these are living.

In the darkest age of doubt
Noble lives stand clearly out,
Calm 'neath jeers or fury;
One or two no world can bind—
Christ a follower could find
E'en in scoffing Jewry.

Noble souls, that spite of pain,
Calumny, and cold disdain,
With the seer's divining,
Look beyond the mocking crowd,
Wait in faith until the cloud
Shows its silver lining.

KATE BISHOP ("Kay Bee").

An Interesting Anecdote Concerning the Earl of Rosebery is related by Mr. Howard Paul in his "London Chat and Gossip," contributed to many papers: "Lord Rosebery, when a lad of seven years of age, was on a visit to Naples with his mother—who was one of the maids of honour at the marriage of Queen Victoria—and stayed at the Villa Delahante, which overlooks the Bay of Naples. His Lordship never forgot the impression the picturesque surroundings of this charming villa made upon him, and when he grew to manhood he determined, if it was ever for sale, he would, if possible, become its purchaser. The opportunity at last arrived, and through the agency of Mr. Thomas Sprent, of the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, the property is now transferred to Lord Rosebery. Mr. Delahante, the late proprietor, is an engineer of distinction; he is over eighty years of age, and at present resides in France. Some years ago he lent his beautiful villa to the Empress Eugénie, who spent several weeks there."

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Mr. Balmy Gushkin: "You have read my book of poems 'Grasshopper Twitterings'?"

Miss Lipcurl: "Oh yes, Mr. Gushkin."

Mr. Gushkin: "And what do you think of my poetical genius?"

Miss Lipcurl: "I think it is like the North Pole."

Mr. Gushkin (pleased): "Ah!—you refer to its weird fascination."

Miss Lipcurl: "Oh no! I mean that it may exist, but it has never been discovered."

OUR YOUNG GENIUSES.

Big Sale! Photograph of Her Majesty approved by the Queen.—See the "P.I.P." QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE NUMBER.—6d.

Rural Life.

BY THE "P.I.P." COTTAGE FARMER.

Imprudent Emigration.

A READER calls my attention to an advertisement of a five-acre farm to sell near Philadelphia, U.S.A., for £30, and asks my opinion anent going there to live and grow rich by occupying and producing from the five acres of land. It reads like a bit of Jules Verne—*i.e.*, extremely plausible! What do I think the five-acre plot will probably be like? It may be like the sketch. At least, the early settlers and backwoodsmen in America frequently had such claims as this allocated to them—rocks, timber and all, and they had to make clearings before they could begin to cultivate. Yes, I have seen the "ad." It is glowingly worded; and it does not forget to mention that, although they are New Homes, there is an "increasing population," and it is "close to rail." That latter may mean anywhere within a few miles, I suppose. It will be sure to be land needing a lot of preparing and planting, and there will have to be a homestead built and a road made; and the end of it all for the owner will be that if he does not cease to be a subject of Queen Victoria, he will have only

A FIVE-ACRE PLOT.

such rights there, legal and civil, as aliens in foreign countries have. I think my inquirer might find a little place by

Migrating at Home

without losing his birthright. I saw an advertisement last week of a freehold of 8½ acres of fruit land in Kent to be sold for £150 cash. That would be a place ready to hand, in full produce, and near good roads and markets. It would be

A Home at Home.

and there would be no need to alienate oneself to make a living, if not to make a fortune. I have frequently impressed upon readers of these "notes" the opportunities which agriculture in this country still offers to people who can provide experience, industry, and adequate capital, upon however small a scale. The fact that

We Import Forty Millions Sterling of Agricultural Produce from Abroad

proves that such chances exist. There is no reason why *la petite culture* should not succeed as well in England as in France or Belgium, and I am very glad to know from the great number of inquiries made to me by *P.I.P.* correspondents that many Englishmen with means are willing to go in for farming for a livelihood.

Grape Culture for Wine

in the open air in this country is no new thing. In the time of the Georges it was a common custom. Forsyth, the gardener to King George III., wrote a book giving an account of his practice of open-air grape-growing. He named over fifty kinds of grapes that he then had under cultivation, and spoke of his methods in a way that showed that he and others must at that time have been growing tons and tons of grapes for wine-making. English vineyards exist to-day. One of the most successful (probably because one of the best managed) is that of

Lord Bute, near Cardiff.

There it appears that the one drawback to getting the very light quality of wine obtainable from the grape is the uncertainty of the weather in September. Last year September in the south-west was a month of incessant rain, but the quantity of wine made was kept up—about forty hogsheads being the yield. Up to now the quality of Lord Bute's grape-wines has steadily improved. It takes several years, of course, to test quality in wines. Those of Lord Bute's vintage of 1881

Sold for 60s. a Dozen,

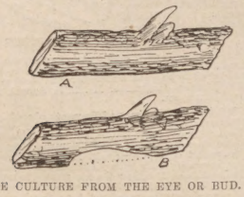
and a part was afterwards resold for 115s. a dozen. The character of this wine was

Equal to a Fine Still Champagne.

Lord Bute's greatest crop was in 1893, and that crop (fit for drinking in 1900) will be made use of as a criterion as to the value of British wine and the importance of the industry to the country.

Vine Culture from the Eye or Bud

is a simple methodical process. When the wood is fully ripened in winter, the round, hard, short-jointed shoots of



VINE CULTURE FROM THE EYE OR BUD.

last year's growth are taken from the vine, and are cut up into short lengths, each length bearing a single eye or bud. (See A in sketch.) The eyes are prepared for striking by scooping a piece of the wood out of the cutting underneath, or just opposite to the eye (see B in sketch), leaving a clean, bare part of the wood. These cut places form callosities from which roots are emitted, providing the cuttings be kept in a steady brisk, moist heat, and in contact with sweet rooting materials. Every cutting will root. I have propagated hundreds in this way without a miss. As soon as roots are formed, the rooted cuttings should be potted off. The pots (three in size) should be filled with a compost of fibry turf roots, leaf-mould, and sand that has been warmed for a few hours by standing on a hotbed or other warm place.

Each Rooted Cutting

should then be pressed down into the potful of compost, and then replaced upon the hotbed till top and bottom growth begins. A medium and rather moist heat and atmosphere will be most suitable for them afterwards. Stakes to support the young growth will be needed, and larger-sized pots and fresh compost afforded as required. The young plants can either be plunged in their pots in the open air in summer or be planted out. When their wood has ripened they will need cutting close back to thicken and strengthen the future wood. The following year they can be either fruited in pots or be planted out to permanent quarters to fruit there by any method the system of training will allow of, or be thought most suitable. I shall be pleased to give any interested reader further information.

Seasonable Poultry Notes.

I give a sketch of a pair of Plymouth Rocks, to which I need only add that the colour of the legs is yellow and the lobes and faces red, to enable a keen fancier to form a fair type of the breed. Early hatched pullets should be now

GREY PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

laying. If they are not, it would be unreasonable to force them. Feed liberally, house comfortably, and they will soon come on. Breeders who have two or three really good pens of any show breed should be getting them ready if they mean to exhibit. Pen them up in a shower-pen a few times, and handle them to get them used to it. Give a bi-weekly feed of boiled linseed in the mash to brighten the plumage. Wash faces and legs clean with a sponge, touch with oil a week or so before showing and rub dry, and if the birds are in a clean dry place (any, that is, except pure white ones, which will probably need washing all over) this will be all the preparation they will need. I am not keen about exhibiting, but I could wish to see every breeder of utility poultry competing in the classes for utility poultry, dead and alive, at their own—that is to say the people's—Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, this month.

Lawn Mower.

"Shetland."—The American makes are light, simple, and effective, also cheaper than any home-manufactured ones I know of. They are all advertised in the gardening papers. Glad you like your *P.I.P.* Your appreciation and thanks are very welcome.

Sending a Fowl for Analysis.

"A. B. R."—The fowl has not reached me. Pray do not send it, as I may not receive it for weeks, being seldom long in one place. I think I can tell the disease from your account. It is roup. (I am presuming that there is the closed eye and the discharge from the nostrils.) Do you keep them too close and warm at nights? Your feed is good, all except the bread.

Farm Foreman.

"S. Willder."—I find I have mislaid the letter; but probably the gentleman will see this and write.

Small Farms and Small Holdings.

"A. Westall" and several Other Correspondents.—I am able now to give you the address of the "Small Farms Agency," which has, I am pleased to say, at last been opened for the transfer, buying, letting, or selling of small farms. I understand that the business will be on quite original lines, and that no charges will be made to either vendors or purchasers in the way of fees, plans, reports, advertisements, etc., except by special arrangement. There is to be a monthly circular, and I advise everyone who wants to either sell, buy, or rent a small farm for any purpose, to send their particulars in time for its first issue. The address is (temporary) 20, Cheapside, London.

Floor of Fowls' House.

"Cedric."—Pick the foundation over first. Then spread your materials, and beat and ram all down well. Hot tar is best. Yes, the Langshan is a capital all-round fowl.

Markets for Eggs, Poultry, etc.

"T. Wheelhouse."—It depends where you are. If in the Home Counties, London; pay a visit to West Smithfield, and ask two or three salesmen who are the biggest receivers. Call at Spiers and Pond's, the large hotels, stores, etc. If you are near a town of 150,000 inhabitants, make your market there. There is a great opening just now for growers and rearers in the Isle of Man (near Douglas) and another near Blackpool. For a small farm, see reply above to "A. Westall."

Book on Pigs.

"W. T."—"The New Farming," 2s. 2d, Old Bailey, E.C.

Book on Ponies and Light Horses.

"W.H. B."—"Light Horses," 3s. 6d. Vinton and Co., 9, New Bridge Street, E.C.

Iceland Ponies.

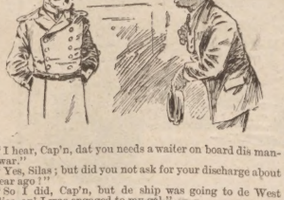
"Inquirer."—I doubt you will have to go there. I know a gentleman who goes once a year, and he might buy for you. They are small, 11 to 13 hands, hardy and active. Iceland is in the Atlantic, north of Scotland. Bays, duns, and browns are the usual colours. I will get some more information for you if you wish.

Several Other Correspondents

I am sorry to have to defer replying to till next week.

N.B.—The writer of "Rural Life" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London. Country readers should order their copies in advance of the nearest Newsagent, or at the Office.

The "Philatelists' Almanack for 1898" (published for 2d., by J. W. Palmer, 281, Strand, W.C.) takes note of events interesting to stamp-collectors that have happened in the course of the past year, and the calendar is arranged with special regard to all such events. A list of "suspected" stamps is given, with the text of the (Palmer's) clause of the Post Office Protection Act, 1884, which was inserted in the Act at the instance of Mr. J. W. Palmer for the protection of stamp-collectors (and the Inland Revenue) from losses sustained by the circulation of "forged" stamps.



"I hear, Cap'n, dat you needs a waiter on board dis man-o'-war."

"Yes, Silas; but did you not ask for your discharge about a year ago?"

"So I did, Cap'n, but de ship was going to de West Indies, an' I was engaged to my gal."

"Well, the ship is going to China now, Silas."

"So I heerd, Cap'n, but I'se married now."

CHESS.

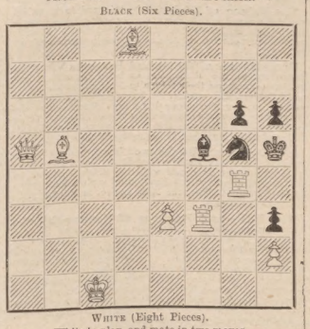
CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 189.

1. B to R 2nd	K takes R	2. Kt to K 6th	Mate.
1. ,,	P takes R	2. B to B 8th	,,
1. ,,	P to Kt 5th	2. R to Q 5th	,, etc.

PROBLEM No. 190.—By A. HUSZAR.

BLACK (Six Pieces).



WHITE (Eight Pieces).

White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

The Chess Tournament at Berlin concluded late on Monday night with the following results—

Charousek ...	1st prize,	£100	...	14½ games.
Walbrodt ...	2nd ,,	£75	...	14 ,,
Blackburne...	3rd ,,	£50	...	13 ,,
Janowski ...	4th ,,	£30	...	12½ ,,
Burn	5th ,,	£20	...	12 ,,

Alapin, Marco, and Schlechter, with 11½ each, divide 6th and 7th prizes, £16.

Game between TCHIGORIN and JANOWSKI.

WHITE (Tchigorin).	BLACK (Janowski).	WHITE (Tchigorin).	BLACK (Janowski).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. P to Q B 3rd	P takes K P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	14. Q takes Kt	P takes P
4. Q to K 2nd	B to K 2nd	15. P takes P	R to B 3rd
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	16. K to Q 2nd	R to K 1st
6. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles	17. Q to B 3rd	P to R 5th
7. Kt to B 1st	Kt to Q 5th	18. B to B 2nd	Q to R 4th
8. B takes Kt	P takes Kt	19. P to Q 4th	B takes P
9. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to B 3rd	20. R to Q Kt 1st	B takes P (ch)
10. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	21. K to Q 1st	B to K Kt 5th
11. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q R 4th		Resigns.

Game between BURN and WINAWER.

WHITE (Burn).	BLACK (Winawer).	WHITE (Burn).	BLACK (Winawer).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. P to Q R 4th	B to Q 2nd
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	18. P to Q 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd
3. P to K Kt 3rd	B to B 4th	19. P to B 5th	Kt to K 2nd
4. B to Kt 2nd	K Kt to K 2nd	20. P to Kt 4th	P to K R 4th
5. K Kt to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	21. Q P takes P	R P takes P
6. Castles	P to Q 3rd	22. Kt to Kt 3rd	P takes P
7. Kt to Q 5th	Castles	23. Q takes P	R to B 2nd
8. P to Q B 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	24. B to K 4th	Q to R 3rd
9. K to B 1st	Kt takes Kt	25. B to Kt 5th	R to B 1st
10. P takes Kt	Kt to K 2nd	26. R to R 3rd	R to B 5th
11. P to B 3rd	B to Q 2nd	27. R to K B 3rd	Kt takes P
12. P to K B 4th	P to Q B 3rd	28. Q to R 4th	Kt to B 6th
13. P to Q Kt 4th	B to R 2nd	29. R takes Kt	R takes R
14. P to B 4th	B P takes P	30. P to B 6th	P to K Kt 3rd
15. Q B P takes P	B to Kt 4th	31. B to R 6th	Q to Q 1st
16. P to Q 3rd	P to B 3rd	32. B to Kt 7th	Resigns.

DRAUGHTS.

F. J. MAIDWELL.—Your play re game No. 104 is inaccurately written.

G. PAYNE and H. O. ROBINSON.—Problems received with thanks.

C. HALL and A. G. C.—Your method of solving No. 145 is equally sound—namely, 8—11, 7 2, 5—9, 13 6, 20—24, 16 7, 23—16, 28 19, 16—23. Black wins.

LOUIS (Stratford).—"Lees' Guide," 1s. 2d. post free, J. Gould, 24, South Street, Middlesbrough.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 147.—By C. HOARE.

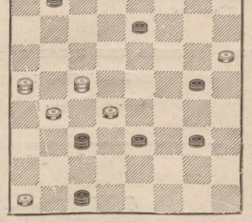
Black: 6, 10, 16, 19, 23, 11K, 13K.
White: 17, 18, 22, 25, 1K, 3K, 28K.
Black to move, and win.

11—8	18 11	1 10	12 26	28 19
3 12	13—9	19—24	9—14	14—14
10—15				B. wins.

PROBLEM No. 148.

By A. E. STOLLERY (London).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and win.

BE GAME No. 103.

At the 25th move of game No. 103 the position stands thus—

Black (Mr. A. E. Stollery): 1, 2, 4, 8, 9, 12, 14, 20.
White (Friend): 10, 13, 21, 23, 26, 27, 29, 30.
White to move.

19 16 was played with a drawn result. Our valued contributor, Mr. N. S. Nicholson, submits the following play for a White win—

10 7	8—12*a*	25 22	14—18	19 23	
2—11	7 3	1— 5	10 19		
19 16	4— 8	3 7	18—25	White	
12—19	29 25	11—15	26 22	wins.	
23 7	8—11*b*	7 10	9—14		

(*a*) If 8—11, 7 2, 11—15, 2 7, 15—19, 27 23, 19—24, 26 22, 1—5, 7 10. White wins.
(*b*) If 1—5, 25 22, 9—13, 3 7, 8—11, 7 16, 12—19, 26 23, 19—26, 30 23. White wins.

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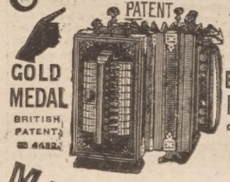

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PROFESSOR MUNYON,
FOUNDER OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

The public, no doubt, has some curiosity to know how Professor Munyon looks, and to learn a bit of his history. The above Cut is a most excellent likeness, and the following facts, gathered from American journals, give us an insight into the character of the man who is arresting such general attention throughout Great Britain. The Professor was born forty-eight years ago in Connecticut. It is said that he used to play doctor when but a lad of seven, and deal out innocent decoctions to his fellow-playmates from his miniature chemist shop. He was reared on a farm by religious parents, who were bent upon making a preacher of him; but the boy's early love of scientific study grew with his advancing years, and soon overshadowed all other thoughts. He used to startle his family physician by declaring that there was a cure for every disease, and that science would, sometime, unlock Nature's secrets, and that people would die only from old age or by accident. It seems that this thought has never deserted him, for he has already prepared forty-seven different cures for forty-seven different ailments, and, judging from the reports of chemists and those who have been cured, his remedies are proving a great blessing to mankind. The strongest recommendations for them are that they are pleasant to take, are absolutely harmless, and relieve almost immediately.

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HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.—Her Majesty honoured Lord Rosebery with an invitation to dine at Balmoral on Sunday evening, and to sleep at the Castle for the night. Leaving Balmoral on Monday, Lord Rosebery neatly avoided being drawn for a speech by the canny burgesses of Aberdeen.

The Prince of Wales (who returned to town last Sunday) arrived at Salisbury on Monday afternoon on a visit to Mr. F. Hartmann, of Clarendon Park. H.R.H. was heartily cheered as he drove through the streets of Salisbury.

The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria (according to the *World*) are to leave Copenhagen on Sunday evening on their return to England in the Royal yacht *Osborne*. The weather has been very wet in Denmark, and all country excursions have been stopped, but the Royal party have paid several visits to Copenhagen. There have been daily dinner-parties at Bernstorff, where Prince Julius of Glücksburg has been staying for a week.

The Duke and Duchess of York and suite witnessed "The White Heather" at Drury Lane Theatre on Saturday evening last, and appeared much interested in the romantic drama which has proved such a big success for Mr. Arthur Collins, the New Lessee, in succession to Sir Augustus Harris.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who have been residing at Abergeldie Castle during the last month, are going to Germany (remarks "Atlas") on a brief visit to the Empress Frederick at Cronberg, and will spend a few days at Darmstadt. The Duke is to represent the Queen at the unveiling of the statue of the Emperor Frederick at Wiesbaden on the 18th, a function which will be attended by the German Emperor and Empress, the Empress Frederick, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, the Duke of Coburg, and many other Royal personages.

The Lord Mayor of London Elect.—Alderman Horatio Davies, M.P., the Lord Mayor-elect, was the magistrate who for many days sat to hear the charges against Jabez Balfour, and he committed that worthy for trial. He was born in 1842. At one time he was proprietor of oyster fisheries in Kent and Essex; but as his time became so much occupied by public business he gave them up. He is freeholder of properties in the City of London, including the historic Crosby Hall (where you can obtain such a good dinner or luncheon), and is also owner of the West Bridgford and the Colwick Park estates, adjacent to the city of Nottingham. He entered the Corporation in 1885; and in 1888, in the mayoralty of Sir Polydore de Keyser, served the office of Sheriff. In 1889 he was elected Alderman of Bishopsgate Ward. A Conservative in politics, he unsuccessfully contested Rochester in 1889; but at the General Election in 1892 he was elected for that city, though subsequently unseated on petition. In 1895 he was elected for Chatham, which he now represents. He is Master Designate of the Spectacle-Makers' Company, and a member of the Shipwrights' and the Gold and Silver Wire-Drawers' Companies. He is lucky to have such good and true colleagues in the new Sheriffs as Alderman Frank Green (whose charming and accomplished daughter is a clever poetess) and Mr. Dewar.

ALDERMAN HORATIO DAVIES, M.P.

The Grenadier Guards at "Gib."—Trooper Tommy, in his own idiomatic way, bade the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards a cordial farewell in last week's *P.P.P.* apropos of the departure from Fitzbright for Southampton. We now print photographs of the *Simla*, and of the gallant Guards on board this splendid troop-ship at Southampton, which flourishing port they left on Wednesday week, sped on their way by a characteristically hearty and good-natured farewell message from the Prince of Wales, addressed to H.R.H.'s "brother officers" and his "old battalion." We also give a sketch of Gibraltar, where the Guards arrived safely in the *Simla* last Sunday morning. The *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent at Gibraltar, in describing the arrival of the *Simla*, says: "I boarded her as she lay alongside the Dockyard Mole at 8.30 a.m. The *Simla* was berthed ahead of Her Majesty's battle-ship *Victorious*, which has just arrived, and which is waiting to exchange her Captain. The morning was brilliantly fine, the temperature 72 deg. in the shade. The Guards were crowding along the bulwarks; while from the hurricane-deck forward the transport's Chaplain, the Rev. Marmaduke Hare, Rector of Bow, London, was holding service. Roman Catholic and Presbyterian services were also taking place simultaneously, the fifes and drums of the Guards accompanying the Old Hundredth and joining in 'God save the Queen.' Mr. Hare's text was, 'Walk worthy of your vocation,' and he exhorted the Guards, whether their duty was pleasant or unpleasant, to do it well as soldiers of the Queen. I found the corps cheerful and ready for its duty, although, naturally, their present position is a considerable change from London. There will be plenty of hunting, sport, and pastimes for the officers; but the men will find the place rather slow, although football, cricket, a gymnasium, and garrison concerts and theatricals are provided. To-day being Sunday, the troops will not disembark until to-morrow, but the baggage is already being landed. The 79th (Cameron) Highlanders will vacate Buenavista Barracks to-morrow at an early hour, and will meet the Guards halfway between that building and the docks. The *Simla* left 'Gib' with the Cameron Highlanders for Egypt, and also took drafts of the 93rd Highlanders and other corps en route for India."

CLEWER POLICE STATION, WHERE RUSSELL WAS DETAINED ON THE CHARGE OF MURDERING EMMA JOHNSON.

Gibraltar, where the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards is now quartered, is the most famous rock in Europe. Originally it was Calpe, one of the Pillars of Hercules, the confines of the ancient world. Its Moorish name is Jebel Tarik, the Mount of Tarik, a famous chieftain. It is from this name that its English title is derived. It is a rocky promontory at the extreme southern edge of the Spanish peninsula, and is two and three quarter miles long with a maximum breadth of three quarters of a mile. It is connected with Andalusia by the low swampy isthmus, the resort of smugglers, who by all sorts of ingenious devices get goods from Gibraltar into Spain duty free. The rock rises to 1439 feet, and is an impregnable fortress. It stood in the last century a famous siege under Lord Heathfield, when French and Spanish fleets poured red-hot shot into it for weeks, but failed to reduce it. Since then its defences have been strengthened with all the latest armaments, and enormous sums are now being expended by the British Government in constructing naval docks and coaling stations. This is necessitated by the poorness of the natural anchorage as well as by the strategic value of the fortress as the key to the Mediterranean. Its area is two square miles, and its population is 25,000, including a garrison of 6000 men.

The Grenadier Guards have on their list of Colonels the greatest names in English military history; and among its battle records one finds the names of such historic conflicts as Tangier, Sedgemore, Steinkerk, Namur, Schellenberg, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Dettingen, the engagements of the Peninsular War, the Waldheim Expedition, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo, where their defence of Hougoumont practically won that memorable struggle. The Guards also fought in the American War of Independence, and later on in Canada during the rebellion, and in the Crimea. The Guards are fortunate to be quartered at the Buenavista Barracks, situated in a most beautiful and healthy position on the Rosia heights at the southern end of the Rock, overlooking the Mediterranean and the Straits, with an uninterrupted view of the mountainous Morocco coast and Ceuta.

General Sir William Lockhart has completed his arrangements for the punitive expedition against the Afridis in the Tirah of the Indian North-Western Frontier, of which he will have supreme command.

General Blood on General Jeffreys' Valour. General Blood has arrived at Inayat Kila. The General says: "The wounded here are doing well. The rumour about the Guides cavalry falling into an ambuscade is untrue. They did excellent service. General Jeffreys' affair on the 30th ult. was really hard fighting. The enemy were two thousand strong, and were well armed with Martinis, a few having Lee-Metfords. They had plenty of ammunition, and held a position of great natural strength. The enemy, whose loss exceeded sixty, showed no inclination to follow our troops on their withdrawal. Great credit is due to General Jeffreys for the way in which he handled the troops. The health of the men is good. The enemy are preparing for further fighting. I will attack them in force." General Jeffreys, with his 2nd Brigade, burned the villages of Badolai last Sunday morning. The Brigade was, as usual, followed up by the enemy on retiring. Casualties: Two native soldiers killed, two British and ten native soldiers wounded.

General Elles is Rapidly Clearing the Country before him. He has burned forty Khaizai villages, and destroyed the forts.

Roll-Call of Killed and Wounded on the North-West Frontier of India.—Lord Elgin sends home the following as the names and regimental numbers of the non-commissioned officers and men recently killed and wounded: 1st Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment—Killed: 3357 Drummer Barry, Privates 3898 Jones, 3393 Hutson. Dangerously wounded: Privates 4202 Sullivant, 3350 Duckland, 3554 Edwards. Severely wounded: 2341 Sergeant Warner; Privates 2625 Bright, 2692 Meagher, 4092 Jepps. Slightly wounded: Privates 4140 Lather, 3471 Gadd, 2613 Gregory, 3464 Herrin, 2777 Scudder, 1320 Hills, 4303 Jarins, 4179 Soaker, 4004 Everest, 4214 Crampton. The following are added to casualties reported in the telegram of Oct. 1: Slightly wounded, Major Western, Captain Lowe, Second Lieutenant Jackson, 1st Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment. Mohmand—Jeffreys reports troops halted Mayat Killa; Lieutenants Peacock and Isacke are also reported severely wounded, but doing well.

The Poona Murders: An Arrest.—We learn from Bombay that the police have arrested a young Brahmin on a charge of being concerned in the murders of Lieutenant Ayerst and Mr. Rand at Poona.

The Dervish Leaders at Metemmeh.—Slatin Pasha has given the following particulars regarding Mahmud, the Dervish General at Metemmeh. Mahmud is the Khalifa's first cousin. He is twenty-seven years of age, and is a fine man, with a handsome face. In his habits he is rather luxurious and fond of amusements, such as singing and dancing. He is by no means fanatical, nor is he popular among the Dervish leaders; but he is nevertheless recognised as being one of the most intelligent of the whole Toweisha tribe. After the death of Edman Wad Adam, the Dervish leader in Darfur, he took command of that province, and conducted a campaign against the Western tribes. He also helped to suppress the mutiny of the black riflemen of Darfur. He is reckoned a good fighting man. Bishara, who commanded at Dongola last year, served under Mahmud at Darfur, but in consequence of a quarrel, left him and came to Dongola. He is now with Mahmud at Metemmeh, although he holds no command.

The Cession of Kassala.—The *Opinione* says that the occupation of Kassala by Italy will cease at the latest on Dec. 25 next. "If England goes to Kassala," the journal says, "we will withdraw with all honours. If, however, England should not go there, we will act according to circumstances. We will advise the best, but will not prolong for a single day the term of our sacrifices and perils."

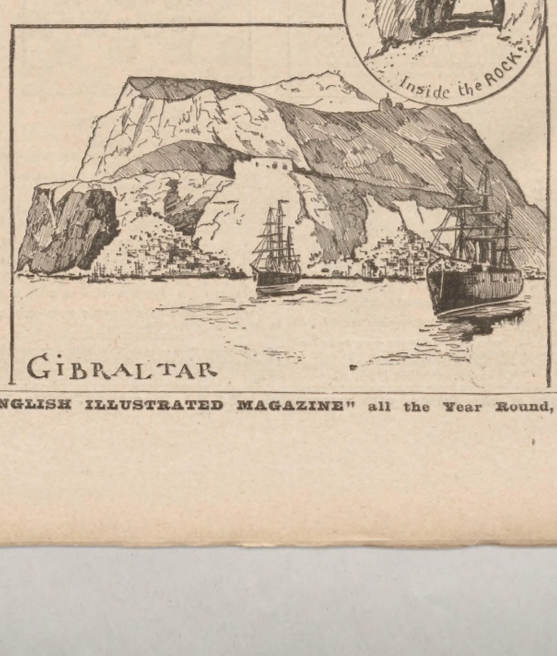
Mr. S. Moss has been returned as Liberal M.P. for Denbighshire by a larger majority than the late Sir George Osborne Morgan, which steadfast Liberal had represented the county since 1868. The Ministerialists had counted on reducing the majority, but have failed. Mr. Moss is a Denbigh man, and is forty. He was educated privately, and at Worcester College, Oxford, graduating B.A. in 1878, taking a Second Class in Law, and proceeding M.A. and B.C.L. in 1880, after reading in equity. For three years he was classical master at a school in the South of France; and he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1880, joining the North Wales, Chester, and Glamorgan Circuits. He was an assistant Boundary Commissioner in 1887 for North Wales and the Border Counties, and he was the first vice-chairman and the second chairman of the Denbighshire County Council, of which he is still a member. Mr. Moss married, in 1895, Eleanor, daughter of Mr. E. B. Samuel, of The Darland, Wrexham.

MR. MOSS, M.P.

A Victorian History of Barnstaple, of interest to all Devonians, has been written by Mr. W. F. Gardiner, the Editor of the *North Devon Journal*, and is shortly to be published in a 5s. volume, well illustrated. An author and journalist of sterling merit, Mr. Gardiner had his praises deservedly sung by a Barum brother of the pen in the *North Devon Herald*: "We are pleased to learn that Mr. W. F. Gardiner, the author of the articles, has yielded to the general desire expressed that the series of admirable historical annals of the Borough of Barnstaple from 1837-97, which have been appearing for some months past in the columns of our contemporary, should be reproduced in book form, and has arranged with Mr. Ralph Allan, printer, for their separate publication. As we have been associated with the chronicling of the affairs of Barnstaple for nearly half the period in question, we can bear testimony to the research, the care, the labour, which must have been involved in the preparation of this invaluable addition to the history of the good old borough. Mr. Gardiner merits all praise and credit for the pains-taking industry and patient investigation which have produced so much-needed an addition to the literature of Barnstaple."

The Terrible Epidemic of Typhoid Fever in Maidstone is still raging, and conveys a lesson and a warning to every town in the United Kingdom. The first case was noticed on the 11th ult., and the fell epidemic spread so rapidly that in a little over a week the daily average of cases reached seventy. It was not, however, until Sept. 20 that the source of the plague was traced

"GIB," WHERE THE FIRST BATTALION GRENADIER GUARDS IS NOW QUARTERED.



"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU" there is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S LOZENGES.—One gives relief; if you suffer from cough, try them but once; they *will* cure, and they *will not* injure your health; an increasing sale of over eighty years is a certain test of their value. Sold everywhere in 13½d. tins.—[ADVT.]

to the Farleigh Works of the Maidstone Water Company. The epidemic had claimed 1200 victims before the responsible managers of the water company decided to cut off this portion of their supply. Maidstone was righteously indignant at this delay, and some say that, good or bad, the Farleigh springs shall never again supply the town. This means a loss to the Water Company of some

MAIDSTONE.

£30,000, but it is fair to note that they have contributed £250 to the Relief Fund. The deaths have, fortunately, not been so numerous as might have been expected, averaging about one in every twenty-four cases; but the distress existing among the poorer classes is very severe, and the Relief Fund is all too small to cope in an effective way with the deserving cases of distress.

The Gaiety's Most Successful Musical Play. The 300th performance of that hugely diverting comic opera, "The Circus Girl," at the Gaiety Theatre, was given on Thursday. With its gay and humorous songs, sprightly dances, fascination, and general brightness and cheeriness, "The Circus Girl" eminently deserves its remarkable career of prosperity not only in London but throughout the Provinces, the Colonies, India, and the States.

The New County Theatre at Kingston is the latest of the growing number of elegant and cosy suburban playhouses, the multiplication of which cannot fail to reduce the attendances at all the central London theatres which have not secured superlatively attractive programmes. Sketched by a *P.I.P.* Artist, the Kingston Theatre was brilliantly opened last Monday night with Mr. Edward Rose's ingenious adaptation of Stanley Weyman's romance of "Under the Red Robe," in which Mr. H. A. Saintsbury and Miss Muriel Wylford distinguished themselves in the principal parts. One of the cleverest young actors in romantic drama, Mr. Saintsbury has a gallant bearing, a clear delivery, and an incisive style which cannot fail to accelerate his rise in his profession. Built on the site of the Albany Hall, the Royal County Theatre is admirably designed by Mr. J. Charles Bourne, and will accommodate some fourteen hundred persons. The interior, with its colouring of pink, gold, and salmon, looks very bright when the electric lights are on. Well may Kingston be proud of its gem of a theatre.

The King of Siam brought his visit to this country to a close on Saturday last, leaving Victoria by the Continental express. He met with a hearty reception at Dover, and started for Calais.

The Fire at Pascall's in the Blackfriars Road will, it is feared, limit the children's supply of sweetmeats in the coming Christmas. It broke out last Saturday in the basement, and destroyed a considerable amount of goods and much of Messrs. Pascall's buildings. When the fire was at its height, and neighbouring houses were in

SOUTH LONDON SHORN OF SWEETS: FIRE AT PASCALL'S SWEETMEAT MANUFACTORY.

danger, the inmates gathered up what goods they could in hot haste, and fled to a place of safety. In one case a poor woman—a Mrs. Berry—living at No. 2, Boundary Row, who had been confined only a few hours previously, was forced to leave her bed, the window-frames of the room in which she was living having caught alight. With commendable energy, Messrs. Pascall have resumed business this week.

The Croydon Shooting Case.—Upon inquiries being made last Monday at Montorp, Brighton Road, Croydon, it was ascertained that Mrs. Cooper, who was on Friday week shot twice in the head with a revolver by her husband, a well-known local solicitor, had passed a good night, and was progressing as well as could be expected. The unfortunate lady is being attended by Dr. Hugo, of

SULPHOLINE SKIN LOTION.—The only effective remedy for SKIN TROUBLES. SULPHOLINE quickly drives away Eruptions, Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Blackheads, and all Disfigurements, developing a fair, spotless skin and beautiful complexion. Try SULPHOLINE LOTION, Shilling Bottles.—[ADVT.]

LONDON NAIADS.—(*See "The World of Pastime."*)

Purley, and Dr. Cooper, her husband's brother. At the Croydon General Hospital a reporter learned that Mr. Cooper, who, it is alleged, after shooting his wife fired the revolver into his own mouth, was still confined to his bed in the Lanchester Ward.

Accident at Artillery Practice: Nine Men Injured.—The Weymouth and Portland detachments of the 1st Dorset Volunteer Artillery were engaged in gun practice at the Verne Citadel, Portland, on Saturday, when an unfortunate accident, by which nine men were more or less injured, occurred through an explosion of a forty-pounder breech-loading gun.

THE RACING WORLD.

THOUGH we are almost on the eve of the

Duke of York Stakes,

the big affair at Kempton this week, there is little to indicate what will be sent to take part in it. It will not be an easy race to win, and if I made a dozen shots I might not find the real pea. My advice is to

Stand on Whichever of the Yankee Pair, Diakka and Sandia, is Best Backed.

Maluma will pretty nearly win whenever the firm says "Go!" also Laveno, if all right, as is asserted at present. Amphora is not badly treated, but the distance may be a little too far. Roughside has a chance, and Frisson is a probable starter.

Mr. Hamar Bass was not present at Newmarket to see

The Jockey Club Stakes

decided—though the Prince, the *P.I.P.* Artist, and "Bendigo" were among the thousands there. But I believe I am correct in saying that this good sportsman backed his horse Love Wisely to win that event. What is more, good money went on the 1895 Ascot Cup winner beforehand, though the commission was sent out only on the Thursday morning on which the race was run. The fact that this confidence was shown in the best possible way—namely, by "putting the pieces down," goes to prove that the stable were not afraid of a few pounds stopping the Beckhampton colt in the long race at Newmarket.

Beforehand I had a great fancy for him, but always dreaded Jacobus turning out the chosen one. Since

Love Wisely Won Handsomely

as he did, Mr. Taylor's horse has been rather more than nibbled at. Still, I shall be surprised if the short-priced one does not turn out the chosen representative.

He Fairly Beat Velasquez and Chelandry

all the way on Thursday week, and I think that whatever can get in front of him will win. Before the little field had come a quarter of a mile, the affair appeared all over bar shouting.

To strengthen fancy for him may be cited

Winkfield's Pride's Great Win at Longchamps

on Sunday. By all accounts, he smothered his field, and as there was little to choose between the pair at Ascot, when they were both beaten by Persimmon, Love Wisely must be taken as very dangerous indeed.

We shall probably see the two early favourites,

St. Bris and Soliman,

forward in the betting to the fall of the flag. St. Bris, who was one of my original picks, is doing all one could wish, and the market speaks well for him. Morny Cannon will want to declare a trifle overweight for him, but very little, I expect. We all know about St. Bris, and that the party are confident he can establish a record by landing the stake for a second time in succession.

Great improvement is claimed for Soliman, who, on form, is held safe by the Kingsclere colt. So he is, unless he has come on more than the opposition allow. He may not quite win, but is not to be left out of calculations by anyone who backs others.

Marco,

after going up and down in the betting in a rather mysterious way, is scratched. Whether he could get the Cesarewitch course is open to question—probably he would not.

After Winkfield's Pride's success, more attention was turned to

Laughing Girl,

who recently came into the Foxhills stable. She brought a high character from John Osborne's, and I would not be at all astonished if before the day there was a big run on her. If she is as good as represented while located in the North, and pleases Robinson, she may revolutionise the wagering altogether.

Keenan and Jacquemart

have been alternately most liked of Watson's pair. My opinion is that if he is to win this race it will be by means of the former. I am by no means sure that the American is able to stay the course. Jacquemart probably would, but Keenan is almost certain to be the trusted one. Tom Loates will ride him, and that is a great thing.

The Rush

would be almost first favourite if people thought he could stand a thorough winding up. Latterly he flatters his trainer, and no more capable hand at the business is about; on certain form The Rush is the pick of the handicap.

Carlton Grange

has come on a lot since running second to Merman at Lewes; each time Clements' horse shows he improves, and he is a sticker too, which is more than can be said of most who may meet him.

Merman,

who beat him, has been brought to the front rank by sheer weight of money. The stable had a big win at Lewes, and hold plenty to play with. Mrs. Langtry is in tolerable luck with her cattle, and from the start of wagering he has always been freely supported when reasonable offers were forthcoming.

Limasol

has been given a good old-fashioned preparation. She will hardly manage to beat Love Wisely, nor give the weight away to Laughing Girl. We shall know more about History next week; he is a good-looking colt, and takes to hard work like a glutton. There will be some difficulty in finding a suitable jockey for him. The same may be said of

Comfrey,

whose show at Ascot was quite meritorious. True Art may be a first-rate. I cannot stand Mr. Knowles's filly though. Butter may be started to make running for St. Bris; I pity the light weight who has to ride him. All the while I have been favourable to

St. Cloud's Prospects.

If you analyse the Leger and other form you must see how good his prospects are. The Yankee jockey, Sloane, has been sent for to ride him, and if the horse is good enough the jockey should be also. St. Cloud, if he misses the Cesarewitch, may take the Cambridgeshire.

Ashgarth will carry a lot of money, and good money, too. Eclipse, in the same interest, is by no means out of it. I am not sure I would not prefer the latter if obliged to choose 'twixt the pair.

Chit Chat is a doubtful starter, so is Glenalmond. Wharfe is not class enough, and I am tired of hearing about Baddiley. Drip, with the light weight, may run well, so may Asterie, very well. All I can say anent Canvas Back is that he cost Mr. J. Lebaudy a pile of money. Sweet Anne Page may be wanted later. Hattie, according to all accounts, never tires in practice. Masque II. will hardly be sent to compete; Wharfe might. Out of the lot, I prefer

Love Wisely and St. Bris,

with Soliman and Laughing Girl next.

There will not be much speculation on

The Cambridgeshire

till after the Cesarewitch. Gulistan will be on the premises if he can stand training. Labrador is talked of as good business, and I have more than half a fancy for Ashburn. Yorker I never did take to.

The Starting-Machine at Newmarket

will be found sketched by the *P.I.P.* Turf Artist, as well as the finish for the Jockey Club Stakes. In lieu of the usual red flag to start the horses with, the starting-machine sketched was used for the first time in England at Newmarket in a few of the races last week. It is worked in this way. Before the start two strips of webbing stretch from an upright post to another on the other side of the course, and the horses breast this webbing until the lever raises it, as shown in our Sketch. The Australian horse, (Bradford up), being used to the starting machine, secured a good lead at the start.

BENDIGO.

TO THE DEAF.—A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free.—Address: D. CLIFTON, Amberley House, Strand, London.—[ADVT.]

THE

MAKING KNOWN

OF

Rowntree's

ELECT Cocoa

20,000 PRIZES

VALUE

£1500.

Everyone knows that nowadays a new article, however good it may be, must be fully and thoroughly known to the people before its merits can be properly appreciated. And this making known, or introduction, invariably means a large expenditure of time, energy, and capital. The Proprietors of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa have, therefore, devised a scheme to make it universally known, which will enable the public, by means of Prizes, &c., to gain some of the introductory capital employed to make this Cocoa generally familiar and used on its merits. The details will be found below.

Messrs. Rowntree and Co., Limited, of York, are the largest makers of gum confectionery in the world. Their well-known plain and fancy chocolates rival those of the most famous Continental houses. Their success has been won by unwavering insistence on the highest standard of quality, exemplified in their motto, "The best quality, cost what it may." Ten years of study and experiment, aided by scientific skill, were required to bring Rowntree's Elect Cocoa to perfection before placing it on the market. It will really surprise you what an exhilarating yet soothing beverage can be made from this Cocoa. The reason is, that it contains an exceptional quantity of theobromine—about 2½ parts in every 100 parts of cocoa. Theobromine is the essential principle of cocoa, and a very near relative of the theine of tea and the caffeine of coffee. Hence, in invigorative force and refreshing properties, Rowntree's Elect Cocoa is superior to the average tea, while it greatly excels the latter in digestible nutritiousness and sustenant properties. Rowntree's Elect Cocoa is distinguished by its delicious flavour, by its delicate aroma, by its exceptionally refreshing character, and by its extraordinary economy (half a teaspoonful makes a breakfast cup) and great nutritiousness. Rowntree's Elect Cocoa is packed in 1-lb., ½-lb., ¼-lb., and small square tins (never in packets), and is for sale by Grocers, Stores, Confectioners, and others. If your Grocer hasn't got it in stock, he will get it if you ask him to do so.

Free Trial Tin.

If you write to Rowntree and Co., Limited, The Cocoa Works, York, they will send to you, if you name *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, a Free and Post-Paid Test Trial Tin of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa, in proof of its excellence and superiority in delicacy of aroma, in deliciousness of flavour, in nourishing properties, in great economy, and in the exceptional refreshment and invigoration following its use.

20,000 Prizes, value £1500.

If you get six of the people you know to buy a tin of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa, and will send six coupons (one of which is pasted to the bottom of each tin of cocoa), together with the names and addresses of the six buyers, to Rowntree and Co., Limited, York, you will receive forthwith a prize of Rowntree's Chocolates and Confectionery, value 1s. 6d., packed in a handsome enamelled box.

The 1898 Illustrated Calendar.

If you are interested in knowing the romantic history of cocoa, where it grows, and how it grows, with descriptions and illustrations of Rowntree's three factories, write to York for Rowntree's Illustrated Calendar for 1898. It is attractively got up with pictorial designs, and contains, among many other things, portraits of Stoddart's Australian Team, with pictures of "Stoddart at the Wickets," Melbourne Cricket Ground on a match day, and ten other drawings illustrative of various sports and pastimes; also quaint information on weather lore. Altogether an attractive and readable little book. It will help you to win a prize.

WINDSOR AND SURBITON MYSTERIES.

PARTICULAR kinds of crimes repeat themselves. Thus, barely had London gathered from *Lloyd's News* that the stalwart man found bound by ropes, and drowned in the Thames off Wapping, was

Von Veltheim,

the hero of a very romantic bigamy case, than a fresh melancholy river sensation was forthcoming in the sad

Windsor Mystery,

which led a *P.I.P.* Snap-shottist to the upper reaches of the Thames to take a few interesting photographs in connection with the tragic death of Emma Johnson. A respectable girl in domestic service at Brigginshaw's, the hosiers, of Peascod Street, Windsor, Emma Johnson had been on a visit to her father near Maidenhead on Wednesday, Sept. 15, and was accompanied home by her sister on the evening of that day as far as Surly Hall, since when she was never seen alive by her friends. A day or two after some of her clothes were found in the field our representative photographed; and on the Monday after the poor girl was missed, her nude body was discovered by the police in the backwater near Clewer, of which we also give a Snap-shot. It was surmised that she had been rendered insensible, and then stripped, to make it the more easy to drag her body to the riverside, whence it was conjectured that she was thrown into the water, where the corpse was discovered on the Monday after the night she was first missed. To the surprise of many, on Thursday week a gas-workman named

Charles Russell,

aged thirty-eight, was brought before the Berkshire County magistrates at Windsor charged with the wilful murder of Emma Matilda Johnson, aged nineteen, at Clewer, on Sept. 15. Russell owns several horses and two carts, with which he has been making a comfortable living. He is married, with seven children, and the whole family, with his mother, lived together at Clewer Hill. Both the wife and mother were at the Town Hall, overwhelmed with grief and protesting his innocence. Detective-Inspector Gentle said that he found upon him an ordinary pocket clasp-knife, pocket-book, letter, a lady's white linen blood-stained handkerchief, and 2d. in bronze. The prisoner was remanded.

CHARLES RUSSELL,
THE STEADY GAS-WORKMAN ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF EMMA JOHNSON.

SURBITON MYSTERY: THE QUEEN'S PROMENADE, OFF WHICH THE BODY OF LILY CHEESEMAN WAS FOUND FLOATING.

× BRIGGINSHAW'S, HOSIERS AT 119, PEASCOD STREET, WINDSOR, WHERE EMMA JOHNSON WAS EMPLOYED AS HOUSEMAID.

The Surbiton Mystery

concerns a good-looking barmaid who served at the Southampton Hotel in that riverside town, near the railway-station, and whose dead body was found floating in the Thames on the Friday of last week. She was but twenty-three, bright, and of good spirits. At the inquest last Monday, Mr. H. Godbold watched the case on behalf of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, the girl's employers, and Superintendent Saines and Detective-Inspector Pugsley represented the police. The case is a very peculiar one, the deceased's rings and new black dress being missing from her body. Mr. Henry Cheeseman, manager to Messrs. Spiers and Pond at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, identified the body of the deceased as that of his daughter, and said she had been in her situation about five years. He saw her on the previous Thursday week. She seemed quite well. She was of a very cheerful disposition, and had never expressed herself as being tired of her life. Supposing this to be an act of suicide, he could not assign any cause for it. Miss Ellen Grubb, a barmaid at the Southampton Hotel, said she had been there six months, and was very friendly with the deceased. On Thursday week Miss Cheeseman did her duty as usual, but at 11.20 p.m. she looked very tired, and asked witness to relieve her, which she did. She had never referred to a love-affair, but had jocularly remarked that she was going to be married about Christmas-time. She did not say to whom, and witness did not ask her. Joseph Hullett, a gardener to the Kingston Corporation, said he was walking along the Parade near the Catholic chapel in Portsmouth Road on Friday morning, when he saw the body of the deceased floating face downwards in the Thames. She was in about 4 ft. of water, and was caught in the weeds. The Coroner here adjourned the inquiry to allow the police to complete their investigation, foul play being suspected.

FIELD NEAR CLEWER, WHERE SOME OF THE CLOTHES OF EMMA JOHNSON WERE FOUND.

THE THAMES NEAR CLEWER, WHERE THE STREAM IN WHICH EMMA JOHNSON'S BODY WAS FOUND FLOWS INTO THE RIVER—NEAR THE CHURCH.

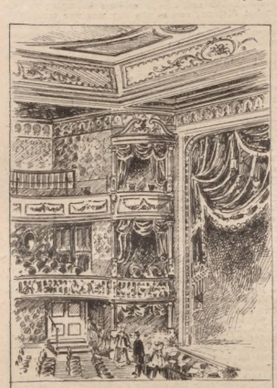
The X indicates where the body was found.

WINDSOR MYSTERY: THAMES BACKWATER NEAR CLEWER, WHERE THE NUDE BODY OF EMMA JOHNSON WAS FOUND.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

THE LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB.

GENERALLY last in the field, this famous club may be said to have brought the curtain down on the athletic sports season of 1897 with their autumn meeting on Saturday last. To be a little theatrical, it may be said that the "situation" was a very good



KINGSTON'S PRETTY NEW THEATRE, OPENED LAST MONDAY.

See "How the World Wags."

one to close with, though it cannot be said that there was a "full house." Never mind,

The L.A.C.

strive their hardest to be self-supporting, and if they do not quite succeed, it is gratifying to know that this desideratum is very nearly attained. The programme was one of interesting description, and it was invested with an international flavour, for C. Van Moorsel, of Brussels University, and E. H. Flack, the Australian, were among the competitors. In the 600-yards challenge cup race,

G. W. Jones

had an easy task, and the time (1 min. 17 4-5 sec.) was, in consequence, not fast; E. S. Ward was second.

E. H. Flack

also had an easy win in the three-miles challenge cup race, beating his only opponent, E. J. Wilkins, very easily; and for the other challenge cup (three-miles walk) there was no competition, M. Z. Zuttner walking over. The 100-yards handicap was productive of a capital final,

H. J. Matthews,

Polytechnic H., 9½ yards, beating E. G. Eves, L.A.C., 5 yards, by six inches; while J. M. Muers, 9½ yards, was a good third. Success in the half-mile handicap went to

C. L. Roberts,

L.A.C., 60 yards, who started in front and remained there. P. W. B. Tippetts, L.A.C., 15 yards, finished three yards behind the winner, and one yard in front of H. G. Lloyd, L.A.C., 22 yards. E. G. Eves, L.A.C., 8 yards, won the 200-yards handicap, followed home by J. P. E. Henery, L.A.C., 9 yards, and H. J. Matthews, Polytechnic H., and the two-miles handicap fell to

J. E. W. Sanders,

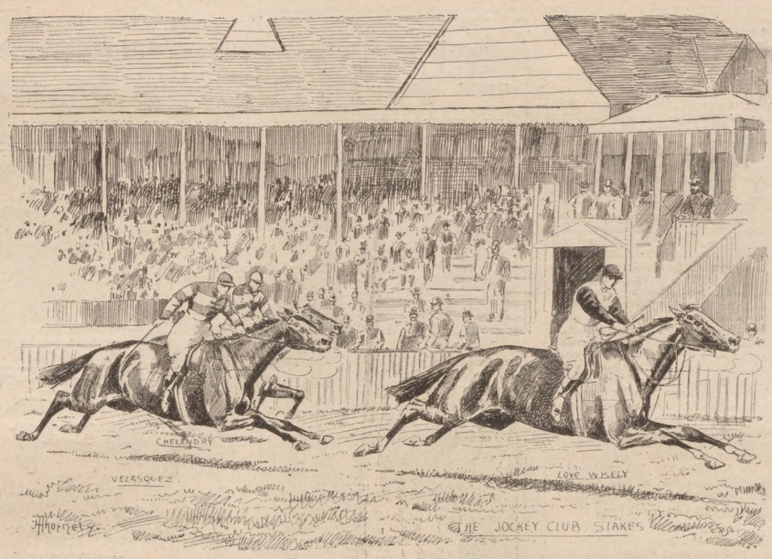
S.L.H., 130 yards; E. C. Strange, Finchley H., 135 yards, separating this popular runner from his brother, W. H. Sanders, 75 yards.

Woolwich v. Sandhurst.

Held much later than usual this season, taking place on the last day of September, the time-honoured athletic competition between the R.M.A. and R.M.C. apparently suffered nothing by this circumstance. There was the usual brilliant gathering of military society, and though the rain which deluged so many places on the previous evening left the lawn in front of the Academy at Woolwich heavy, the running nevertheless proved excellent. As for the competition, it need only be said that the resting-place of the shield for the year was left for settlement until the very last item. Woolwich won this, and enjoy a privilege denied them for four years. R. F. A. Hobbs won the hurdles and both jumps for Woolwich, and E. F. St. John scored in both half mile and mile. W. W. Muir, of Sandhurst, took the hundred and quarter, doing the latter distance on a slow grass track in 54 sec.

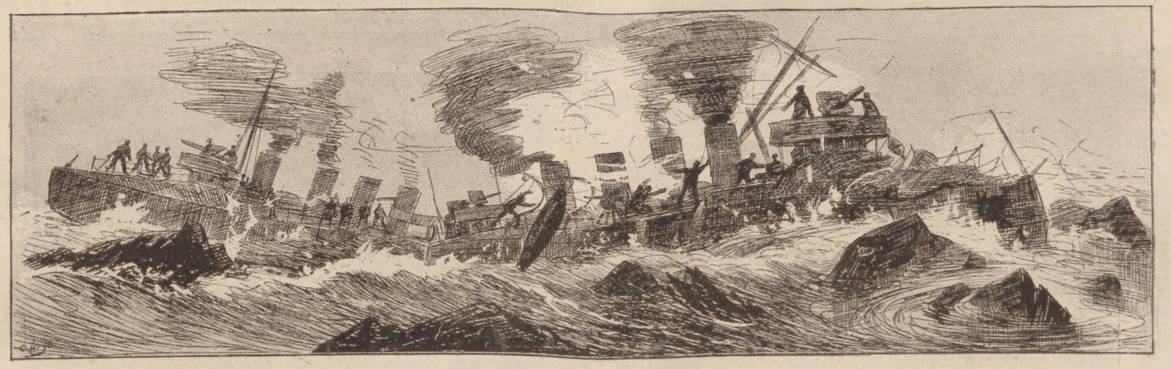
"Illustrated London News" Sports

took place last Saturday at the Crystal Palace, the printers of *Sketch* and the *P.I.P.* also participating in the racing. At the same meeting the *Illustrated Bits* employés co-operated. For the *I.L.N.* Challenge Cup, presented by Sir William Ingram, there was a capital race. The distance was 150 yards by handicap, and J. Wheatley, 3 yards start, won, but only by a foot from the holder, W. Thomas, scratch. A quarter-mile inter-club race was won by *Illustrated Bits*, in the person of A. W. West, the second man being another "Bit," W. Owen. The indefatigable C. Benjamin came up smiling again for the *I.L.N.* 120-yards handicap, and added another to his long list of prizes; and J. Beams won the 120-yards veterans' race.



LOVE WISELY WINNING THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES AT NEWMARKET.

THE STARTING MACHINE IN USE AT NEWMARKET.



On Wednesday Morning, Sept. 29, H.M. destroyers *Thrasher*, *Lynx*, and *Sunfish* were cruising off the Cornish coast in a dense fog. When off "the Deadman"—Dodman's Point, a piece of dangerous coast between Falmouth and St. Austell—first the *Thrasher*, then the *Lynx*, which was immediately astern of her, ran violently aground. The *Sunfish*, fortunately for herself, had lost her consorts in the fog. Almost directly the *Thrasher* touched the rocks, her steam-pipe burst with a violent explosion, killing or badly injuring all but one of the unfortunate men in the stoke-hole. The bows of both destroyers were crumpled up like opera-hats, but both were eventually floated off. So well were they built that, notwithstanding alarmist reports to the contrary, both will be fit for sea again in a relatively short time. The fact is (writes the *P.I.P.'s* "Blue Peter"), they are constructed somewhat upon the opera-hat principle, and though many accidents have occurred, repairs have generally been far more easily effected than would be the case with a vessel of ordinary build. No blame can really be attached to anyone. Destroyers can no more go at a proper fog-speed than a man can keep pace with a tortoise—they are built for swift steaming. It might, indeed, be urged that they should not have put to sea in such a fog, but the training service in which they are employed is precisely one that needs such duties. Only by taking grave risks can the crews of such ships be fitted for war-service. It is a curious fact that the *Lynx* ran aground badly off the Cornish coast a year or so ago; she also at another time collided with a sister vessel. The *Thrasher*, too, only quite recently sustained severe damage in a collision with the cruiser *Phaeton*. They would seem unlucky ships. The cost of these destroyers, *en passant*, is, roughly, £50,000, and that capital will not be lost over the disaster. But the brave men who went to their death in them are gone. It is comforting to know that their end was, at least, painless in its awful swiftness. Lamented by their Queen and country, they died as much martyrs to duty as if they had fallen in a sea-fight. The men killed were leading stoker John Hannaford, 12, St. Jude's Terrace, Plymouth; and stokers William Nicholls, Barn Street, Liskeard; Michael Kennedy, Ballylongford, Kerry; and James H. Paull, The Strand, Teignmouth. The funerals of leading stoker Hannaford and stoker Kennedy took place last Monday in Plymouth Cemetery with full naval honours and in the presence of thousands of spectators, the streets from the Royal Naval Hospital to the cemetery, a distance of about a mile and a half, being lined with people. The Rev. J. England, Wesleyan chaplain, read the service over the remains of Hannaford, and the Rev. Father Kent, Roman Catholic chaplain, officiated in the case of Kennedy. Both coffins were covered with a Union Jack. The Naval Commander-in-Chief (Admiral Sir E. R. Fremantle) was present.

THE "THRASHER" AND "LYNX" TORPEDO-DESTROYERS DISASTER OFF THE CORNISH COAST.

That agile athletic enthusiast, A. Gr
the two miles bicycle race with ease.
carried off the *I.L.N.* mile handicap. T
Artist sketched some of the events.

London Schools Swimming Asso
Championships.

If any society deserved encouragem
that which is actively engaged in diss
a knowledge of that most useful
athletics which teaches us to know
dwell—temporarily, of course—in t
The good work that is being done
demonstrated at the Hackney Baths
ing last week, when the championsh
decided, and what was also made pr
was that larger baths are necessary
ming entertainments of this charac
Freeman, hon. sec. of the Associa
Miss Annie Stone, another hard w
the cause, gave interesting displays;
members of the Otter S.C.—Messrs. A.
J. E. Durham, and H. W. Allason—al
pleasing exhibition. Over the whole a
enthusiasm prevailed. Miss J. Gable, C
Road, won the girls' diving champion
E. Perry, Popham, that for boys; the
championship for boys was again tak
St. Paul's School team, and that for gi
"A" team of Caledonian Road; Mis
cup for girls' team race was won by
Road, and that for boys by West Squa
wark; M. Wood won the "Massey-Mai
Cup (40 yards), M. Harley the "Georg
Shield (80 yards), L. Harbourd the
Cup (80 yards), H. Devereux the "Ash
(120 yards), E. Lascelles the 100 y
championship of London, and A. Cam
100 yards boys' championship.

Swimming Championship

Plenty of evidence has recently beer
that J. H. Tyers, though
Percy Cavill, is quite as g
On Sept. 25 he won the 2
in 2 min. 38 4-5 sec., which
record. Then, on Saturd
Road Baths, Tyers (holder

100 Yards Ch

It was but a narrow win
the race was full of exc
(100 yards champion of
nearly all the way by a few
spurt at the finish gave Ty
and the Australian and J
chester Osborne) were de
heated. I have only des
there were two prelimina
which V. Lindberg, East
third. The time of the
On the same evening, and
Public Elementary Schools
ship was swum for. The
10½ points, between the W
hurst Road Board School.

Water

On Sept. 30 the Scotland
and there beat the Welsh
two. On the same evening
championship was decided
beating the People's Palac
two, and gaining the right
fourth successive year.

Up the

The Thames Rowing C
regatta on Saturday, an
was not too bright, ever
gay." Mr. Lifford Hewitt
his launches, *Umpire* and
posal of the executive, a
came from pretty lips app
ness. E. Malmsten, with
cap sculls; this gentle

Lieut

PRIZE-WINNE